

I Am The Luna Chapter 6 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

I look at Valerie sharply as she glares at Jai, snatching the file back from me.

“You’re a pig!” She hisses.

“Like you’re any better!” He snaps.

The two always clash. They had dated for a short while and were inseparable, but after a nasty breakup, they can’t even stand being in each other’s presence.

Often, Zaia and I had to calm them down.

“Answer me, Valerie.” I say, ignoring Annalise, who has walked over to me, clinging on to my arm.

“Answer him, Val.” Jai repeats, earning himself another deadly glare.

Does he have a death wish?

“Fine! You want to hear it? Then listen! She was pregnant, but she no longer is. Satisfied now?” She glares at the three of us.

Annalise rolls her eyes and walks off to my desk, but her callous behaviour is the least of my worries.

“Was?” I ask, my stomach twisting with nerves. A dreadful thought settles into my mind. “What do you mean? Did she get rid of it?”

Valerie hugs the file to her chest and shakes her head vigorously.

“No, Alpha, Zaia would never do that. It was your rejection that caused her to miscarry.” She says bitterly.

My head jolts up sharply, and I stare at her, letting those words sink in.

I... I'm the reason my child is dead...

"What the fuck Val?" Jai snarls, grabbing her arm.

"That is why I was saying don't tell him!" She shrieks.

"Stop it." I say, my voice cold. My heart is thundering like a galloping horse in my chest, replaying our last days in my mind.

Why didn't she tell me?

"She must have known that a rejection could risk our child's life. Why did she do it?!" I growl.

Valerie looks down. "You left her no option. She tried to talk to you..." She glances coldly at Annalise. "You were too busy trying to get rid of her."

The guilt and regret I'm feeling now change to anger and I turn, punching the first thing my hand connects with. My wine collection from my bar goes flying, shattering against the wall and spilling over the rug. The strong smell of alcohol fills the air.

"She should have told me she was pregnant!" I snarl.

"She was going to, but instead, you handed her divorce papers Alpha." Valerie says, I can smell her fear as she takes a step back, but even then, she's defending her friend.

I freeze, remembering that night.

'What did you want to tell me?... It doesn't matter anymore...'

Was that why she had refused the wine I had offered her that day? She had been in such a rush to get the rejection over with.

Did she really plan to simply take my child and leave?

Thanks to her selfishness, we lost the baby.

I run my fingers through my tousled hair. The entire place feels too small and their presence is becoming far too overwhelming.

“Are you serious?” I hear Jai murmur.

“I am. It’s why I said to you to not tell him. It would only hurt him as it did Zaia. I have things to do.” Her footsteps recede as she leaves the room, leaving behind the pain and regret she had brought with her.

“It’s going to be fine, Seb,” Annalise purrs, wrapping her arms around my neck.

“I’m responsible for killing my child.” I say quietly, the words leaving bile in my mouth as I untangle her arms and step back.

“You aren’t. It’s on Zaia, there are women who face rejection and no harm comes to the baby. This just shows she wasn’t strong enough to be Luna or carry your child...”

If I hadn’t rejected her, the baby would have been fine...

“Seb, are you listening?”

“He wants space. Can you stop making this about yourself and get the hell out of here?” Jai says sharply.

“How can you speak to me like that? Don’t forget that I am going to be your Luna.” Annalise argues, clinging onto my arm again.

“Even the chickens in the coop won’t accept you as Luna.” Jai retorts.

Pulling out of her grasp, I turn my back on them and look down at my hands.

I as good as killed that child with my hands...

My child.

“Get out, the both of you.” I say coldly.

“Seb, please don’t shut me out-”

“OUT!” I snarl.

My command is crystal clear and they obey without further dispute.

The door shuts behind them, leaving me alone with my gloomy thoughts, the weight of the revelation hanging above me like a dark grey cloud.

I drop onto my leather chair, placing my head in my hands.

She’s gone. I don’t know where she went, but she simply left. No one knows where she went. Even her mother, who lived in the quieter part of town, is gone. The house has been empty for months.

I know, because I have someone watching over it, just in case they return.

But her phone was never switched on again, not a single call was made from it. The alimony money I promised to pay her monthly has been sitting in her bank account untouched.

Her passport was not used, something I had made sure I’m notified about and she did not even come to collect a divorce certificate.

It’s almost as if she just disappeared and didn’t want me to ever find her.

Was it so easy to let go of me, Zaia?

I knew from Annalise that even her father’s attempts to locate her had failed.

Annalise had complained how Zaia simply disappearing somewhere, had worried their father and changed him into a man she didn’t recognise.

Although Annalise was always his favourite, he was deeply worried and refused to stop searching for Zaia.

He had come to see me shortly after he learned what happened and he had not held back his rage, telling me I was a good-for-nothing bastard. He had tried to get Annalise to return to him, but she refused to obey him.

I sigh heavily, closing my eyes.

I had no option but to reject Zaia, but I had never expected her to disappear like this.

Where are you?

There are only a few packs that are near ours, and not many of them are allies... and I have secretly had my men go search for her, but to no avail.

The fear that she may be taking shelter and risking herself by residing in an enemy pack has been worrying me greatly.

That seems to be the only possible answer left that I can think of, but I hope if that is the case, she realises how dangerously wrong that can go.

For the first time since she left, the gut-wrenching guilt is becoming unbearable to handle.

Rejected and then to have your child taken from you, how is she coping?

I scrub my hand down my face, trying to control my emotions, when there's a frantic knock on the door before it swings open to reveal one of my staff members.

"Alpha, your parents are back!" John says, his face pale.

Fuck!

I jump up from my seat. This is not good, they were not meant to be back for another few months!

What am I going to tell them about Zaia?

I rush down the stairs, hoping the cook knew what she needed to do. "John, get someone to clean the mansion and stock the fridge." I command him.

"Understood Alpha!"

I barely go back there now. Every corner of the house reminds me of her. Memories of us together...

"The car has pulled up." John repeats something one of the guards tells him through his earpiece.

Ever since I became Alpha, my parents would spend months away from the pack, not having any responsibilities now that I handle all the pack and business affairs.

However, despite their sporadic trips and returns, it was Zaia who would have everything in place, as well as a luxurious meal ready on the table to welcome them home.

She remembered everything and kept this pack in shape. She was always there keeping everything organised.

I hurry down the stairs and rush outside, fixing my hair a little, or trying to, just in time to see the driver open the door for Dad.

Jai steps up beside me, standing with his back straight, chin up, shoulders squared and feet apart. His hands are clasped behind his back and the rest of the staff who have stepped out to welcome them follow his lead.

Just how Dad likes it.

He's standing there in a dark grey suit. His dark aura swirls around him and his eyes are sharp as he scans the gardens of the Pack Hall

A man that stands for discipline, respect and power.

His cold eyes meet mine and I give him a small nod. He doesn't acknowledge it though as Mom steps out of the car, thanking the driver for opening the door.

Mom is the opposite of Dad. She's wearing a fuchsia pink summer dress with white flowers on it and matching white heels. On her head, she has a feather plume hat.

She now turns, hoisting her bag onto her wrist and lowers her shades.

“Is this my welcome?” She says, displeased.

But she then asks the one question I am truly dreading and have no answer to.

“Now where is my daughter-in-law? Only she knows how to give a proper welcome!”